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the Pope!" This puts the English government on the hip, and silence is its safest, if not its only way, out of the dilemma.

If Montalembert's pamphlet were generally read in England, we are of opinion that it would go farther than most things in proving to the English nation what is the *bonâ fide* inferiority of the position to which the French alliance and the policy of the Palmerston Cabinet have reduced it. However, upon this subject we Americans are perhaps just now not quite impartial witnesses, and we will therefore leave the Whig government to the "tender mercies" of the champion of Pius IX.

One thing we must be allowed to remark,—and it amply bears out the truth of what we observed in the beginning of this article,—namely, that at the present moment none of the most liberally administered countries of Europe, none of those that have the largest amount of freedom, have anything like the intellectual activity of despotically governed France. Whether this proves that the extreme of self-government is incompatible with the extreme of intellectual and literary cultivation, or simply that the utmost development of man's force is never provoked but by opposition, we leave to others to decide. Meanwhile we register the fact, and find in its various manifestations frequent matter for admiration.

ART. XI.—1. *English Traits.* By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 312.

2. *Impressions of England; or Sketches of English Scenery and Society.* By A. CLEVELAND COXE, Rector of Grace Church, Baltimore. New York: Dana & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 321.

3. *A Month in England.* By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. [A New Edition.] New York: Redfield. 1856.

THESE books are of a description which always attracts and seldom wearies us. Yet we enjoy them less as the rec-

ords of what has been seen and heard, than as autobiographies. It has been well said, that we cannot thoroughly know even a kinsman or an intimate, till he has been our companion in travel. The attrition of new and strange objects, nationalities, and experiences brings out traits that may have been latent in familiar scenes,—powers that may have been only possibilities in the home-circle,—merits or defects that may have been merged in the routine-life of domestic, professional, or public duty. This same revelation, which the traveller inevitably makes to fellow-pilgrims, he who publishes his adventures imparts of necessity to his readers. We learn what he carries with him by what he finds. We ascertain what questions were in his mind by the answers he puts on record. We test his temper by his opinions of men and things. We probe his culture by the depth or shallowness of his observations. We trace his sinuosities by the track they leave on his path. Therefore it is that, even in England, where every place of interest and monument of note and man of mark is too well known for any added intimacy of acquaintance through the testimony of others, we still love to renew the round with each new tourist; and, if we gain nothing else, we have at least hung up in our repository another well-analyzed specimen of our own race.

Conversely, if the traveller is one whom we previously knew, or if his individuality is patent in his book, we learn much by his descriptions even of the most familiar persons and objects. He presents them from a new point of view, which we can compare with others. He gives us a fresh perspective, by which we may correct outlines previously in our own mind. He discloses to us bearings and relations, which have their counterpart in fact. For his impressions, preferences, or aversions, be they well or ill grounded, there are existing causes, which, if we know him, we can divine. Especially is all this true, if our tourist is a man of genius, taste, or large specific attainments in art or literature. Then, however strong may be his prejudices, however abnormal his standard, we can allow for his parallax, and even his one-sided representations may give us more accurate knowledge than his own senses gave him. Thus, while Ruskin's entire

artistical creed may have hardly a disciple, who would not gratefully adopt him as a guide through the whole world of art, though often finding food for admiration in what he might denounce, and repudiating what he might praise?

Mr. Emerson's book, did it profess to describe all of England, would be justly open to the severest criticism. It ignores pauperism, ignorance, and crime, aristocratical pretension and plebeian sycophancy, sinecure laziness and under-paid labor, — in fine, all the inequalities of condition, realized right, and availing privilege, which assimilate the moral and social landscape of Great Britain much more nearly to the broken surface of Switzerland, than to the gentle alternations of hill and valley on its own soil. But all of the less pleasing "English traits" have been set forth with ample minuteness of detail by the greater portion of recent travellers, and we are glad to open one book that revives our early pride in our mother-land, and makes us feel anew the unparalleled queenliness of her position and belongings. We by no means say that the tourist who beholds only the glory of England, and is blind to her shame, possesses our moral sympathy. This we must reserve for itinerants of the Heraclitus school; but while we read their writings with heightened emotion, they do not entertain or edify us.

With the intense *subjectivism* of Mr. Emerson's philosophy we are at swords' points. We hesitate not to say, that, pushed to its legitimate consequences, it neutralizes moral distinctions, eliminates duty and accountability, obliterates religion, and excludes the conception of a personal and self-conscious Deity. And even in the book before us, when religious or ethical subjects are touched upon, (which they are but seldom, and lightly,) we discern traces of the indifferentism which proceeds from the author's philosophy. But this very element is propitious to merely æsthetic observation and impression. Mr. Emerson threw open his own broad, rich, delicately organized, and generously cultured intellect, with an Argus-eyed passiveness, with a receptivity which no emotion or affection weakened or distorted, to take the exact impress of what he heard and saw.

The greatness of England is in fact the theme of all his

chapters. And there are many aspects in which she is the greatest of the nations. She has enriched herself with the spoils of every zone and soil. Her language, a conglomerate from all the tongues of ancient and modern civilization, is the type of her national personality and genius. With hardly a tithe of the learning of Germany, she is the fountain of elegant scholarship. With often a paucity and never a redundancy of creative talent, her literature embodies the wealth and beauty of all times and lands. Inferior to France in science, she immeasurably transcends her in its concrete forms and practical uses. Later than the Continental nations in almost every branch of lucrative industry, she has domesticated all their processes, and has made her manufactures the staple of the world's commerce. Limited in her natural resources, she supplements them by the empire of the sea, and the lordship of the tropics and the Orient. What her arms might fail of, her diplomacy secures. Her defeats bear the fruit of victory. Her one signal loss during these latter centuries, that of her rebel colonies in America, has but erected the best market for her products, opened the most humane asylum for her surplus population, and furnished the most genial seminary for her intellectual and moral influence. In her home economy, her greatest of national debts only consolidates her government, and insures the loyalty of her myriad creditors. Her enormous landed estates but strengthen the conservative and cripple the revolutionary elements of her population. Her monopolies and arbitrary prescriptions have worn deep niches in her constitution, and are clothed with all the semblance and prestige of sacred right. Every decaying timber in her political and social fabric is so buttressed, that it cannot fall till slow time disintegrates it; every weak member of the pile is so built around and over, that it bears no strain.

Mr. Emerson gives few details of his English sojourn. The titles of his chapters are such general heads of remark as "Land," "Race," "Manners," "Wealth," "Aristocracy," "Religion." Under each he gives rather the sum total of his observations, than the specific instances that served for his generalizations. He delights in antithesis and contrast, and

brings out with unequalled rhetorical force very many of the anomalies of the English commonwealth and society,—those balancings and co-workings of seemingly opposite and antagonistic forces, by which strength is born out of weakness, and the ever fresh and new from decadence and decline. Among the most striking specimens of this style of delineation, (and in felicity and point it can hardly be surpassed,) is the following, under the running-title “Factitious.”

“A proof of the energy of the British people, is the highly artificial construction of the whole fabric. The climate and geography, I said, were factitious, as if the hands of man had arranged the conditions. The same character pervades the whole kingdom. Bacon said, ‘Rome was a state not subject to paradoxes’; but England subsists by antagonisms and contradictions. The foundations of its greatness are the rolling waves; and, from first to last, it is a museum of anomalies. This foggy and rainy country furnishes the world with astronomical observations. Its short rivers do not afford water-power, but the land shakes under the thunder of the mills. There is no gold mine of any importance, but there is more gold in England than in all other countries. It is too far north for the culture of the vine, but the wines of all countries are in its docks. The French Comte de Lauraguais said, ‘No fruit ripens in England but a baked apple’; but oranges and pineapples are as cheap in London as in the Mediterranean. The Mark-Lane Express or the Custom-House Returns bear out to the letter the vaunt of Pope,—

‘Let India boast her palms, nor envy we
The weeping amber, nor the spicy tree,
While, by our oaks, those precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.’

The native cattle are extinct, but the island is full of artificial breeds. The agriculturist Bakewell created sheep and cows and horses to order, and breeds in which everything was omitted but what is economical. The cow is sacrificed to her bag, the ox to his sirloin. Stall-feeding makes sperm-mills of the cattle, and converts the stable to a chemical factory. The rivers, lakes, and ponds, too much fished, or obstructed by factories, are artificially filled with the eggs of salmon, turbot, and herring.

“ Chat Moss and the fens of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire are unhealthy and too barren to pay rent. By cylindrical tiles, and gutta-percha tubes, five millions of acres of bad land have been drained and put on equality with the best, for rape-culture and grass. The climate

too, which was already believed to have become milder and drier by the enormous consumption of coal, is so far reached by this new action, that fogs and storms are said to disappear. In due course, all England will be drained, and rise a second time out of the waters. The latest step was to call in the aid of steam to agriculture. Steam is almost an Englishman. I do not know but they will send him to Parliament next, to make laws. He weaves, forges, saws, pounds, fans, and now he must pump, grind, dig, and plough for the farmer. The markets created by the manufacturing population have erected agriculture into a great thriving and spending industry. The value of the houses in Britain is equal to the value of the soil. Artificial aids of all kinds are cheaper than the natural resources. No man can afford to walk, when the parliamentary-train carries him for a penny a mile. Gas-burners are cheaper than daylight in numberless floors in the cities. All the houses in London buy their water. The English trade does not exist for the exportation of native products, but on its manufactures, or the making well every thing which is ill made elsewhere. They make ponchos for the Mexican, bandannas for the Hindoo, ginseng for the Chinese, beads for the Indian, laces for the Flemings, telescopes for astronomers, cannons for kings.

“ The Board of Trade caused the best models of Greece and Italy to be placed within the reach of every manufacturing population. They caused to be translated from foreign languages and illustrated by elaborate drawings, the most approved works of Munich, Berlin, and Paris. They have ransacked Italy to find new forms, to add a grace to the products of their looms, their potteries, and their foundries.

“ The nearer we look, the more artificial is their social system. Their law is a network of fictions. Their property, a scrip or certificate of right to interest on money that no man ever saw. Their social classes are made by statute. Their ratios of power and representation are historical and legal. The last Reform-bill took away political power from a mound, a ruin, and a stone-wall, whilst Birmingham and Manchester, whose mills paid for the wars of Europe, had no representative. Purity in the elective Parliament is secured by the purchase of seats. Foreign power is kept by armed colonies; power at home, by a standing army of police. The pauper lives better than the free laborer; the thief better than the pauper; and the transported felon better than the one under imprisonment. The crimes are factitious, as smuggling, poaching, non-conformity, heresy, and treason. Better, they say in England, kill a man than a hare. The sovereignty of the seas is maintained by the impressment of seamen. ‘ The impressment of seamen,’ said Lord Eldon, ‘ is the life of our navy.’

Solvency is maintained by means of a national debt, on the principle, ‘If you will not lend me the money, how can I pay you?’ For the administration of justice, Sir Samuel Romilly’s expedient for clearing the arrears of business in Chancery was the Chancellor’s staying away entirely from his court. Their system of education is factitious. The Universities galvanize dead languages into a semblance of life. Their Church is artificial. The manners and customs of society are artificial; — made-up men with made-up manners; — and thus the whole is Birminghamized, and we have a nation whose existence is a work of art; — a cold, barren, almost arctic isle, being made the most fruitful, luxurious, and imperial land in the whole earth.

“Man in England submits to be a product of political economy. On a bleak moor, a mill is built, a banking-house is opened, and men come in, as water in a sluice-way, and towns and cities rise. Man is made as a Birmingham button. The rapid doubling of the population dates from Watt’s steam-engine. A landlord, who owns a province, says, ‘The tenantry are unprofitable; let me have sheep.’ He unroofs the houses, and ships the population to America. The nation is accustomed to the instantaneous creation of wealth. It is the maxim of their economists, ‘that the greater part in value of the wealth now existing in England has been produced by human hands within the last twelve months.’ Meantime, three or four days’ rain will reduce hundreds to starving in London.” — pp. 98 – 103.

Mr. Emerson has been twice in England. His second voyage thither was in 1847, at the invitation of several Mechanics’ Institutes in Lancashire and Yorkshire, to deliver a series of lectures. The greater part of the work purports to give the impressions received during the tour made in pursuance of and in connection with that engagement. His first chapter, however, is devoted to an earlier visit, in 1833, and is chiefly filled with his interviews with persons well known in the literary world, such as Landor, Coleridge, Carlyle, and Wordsworth. He does not heighten our reverence for Coleridge, who overwhelmed him with a torrent of windy declamation, fraught with the intensest egotism and the stalest commonplaces. “The visit,” says Mr. Emerson, “was rather a spectacle than a conversation, of no use beyond the satisfaction of my curiosity. He was old and preoccupied, and could not bend to a new companion and think with him.” His visit to Wordsworth afforded him much greater edifi-

cation, and presents the same amiable picture, so often given us, of the simple, true, kind, reverent old man, full of unconscious oddities, and, with virgin modesty, not one whit less egotistical than the pompous philosopher of Highgate.

In passing to Mr. Coxe's book, we exchange our aesthetic for an exclusively ecclesiastical point of view. As a devout son of the American branch of the English Church, he makes his tour a religious pilgrimage. This side of the Apostolic age, he finds no names so great and holds none so sacred as in England among the dead and the living ; this side of Palestine, he can tread no ground so holy and trace no monuments so venerable. He therefore gives us very numerous and happily drawn sketches of cathedrals and churches, introduces us to a large number of distinguished prelates and clergymen, and describes with great minuteness all the variable parts of the public religious service, as performed at various altars and by diverse functionaries. His book contains, indeed, much else, for it seems to be a faithful transcript of his daily experiences ; but enthusiastic reverence and love for his Church led him to make cathedral-towns his resting-places, to cultivate clerical society chiefly, and to search above all things for the memorials of Christian fidelity and heroism that have come down from earlier centuries. In all this there is nothing otherwise than just, courteous, and kind towards those of forms and creeds alien from his own. He evidently has no theological enmities to gratify, but only that honest, hearty, tender interest in men and things connected with his own dearest convictions and profoundest loves, which we would gladly see manifested by the members of every separate section of the Christian fold.

We are ready to accord with his estimate of the merits and the short-comings of the English Church. So far as it is a religious organization, it is true to its calling and its trust ; so far as it is a state establishment, dependent on secular patronage, and bound by laws and liabilities not of its own choice, it often lies open to censure and reproach. But it must be remembered that Erastianism has never been denounced more vehemently by Dissenters than by loyal members of the Establishment ; that the most devout, earnest, and

philanthropic Churchmen at the present day, with hardly an opposing voice, deem the connection of Church and State little better than a Mezentian embrace, the living with the dead ; and that among the most zealous advocates of that unblessed union have always been and still are the least religious of British statesmen. But on this point we must let Mr. Coxe speak for himself, and would express our cordial assent to every sentiment in the following paragraph, unless it be to the full breadth of the comparison which we have taken the liberty of italicizing.

“ I cannot forbear to remark, that when American travellers go to England, and copy the false statistics of some infidel almanac, to justify their railings against the National Church, they are about as wise as John Bull is, when he takes the statistics of our (immigrant) pauperism and crime, as a test of the true state of American society. It is true that there are great abuses connected with the establishment ; and it is also true that they are deplored by no class of Englishmen half so much as they are by the true Churchman. If the Church could be left to herself, they would be immediately reformed ; but the very creatures who rail at her, because of them, are they who refuse to give her the freedom which she claims, and who do the most to enslave her to the State power. I am no friend to that power in the Church of God ; but they who prate against the Church, because of her misfortunes, deserve the rebuke of all thinking men, whose knowledge of history, and of the existing state of the world, enables them to compare what has been done for England, by that Church, even in her fetters, *with what all other religions put together have done for the residue of the world.* When we reflect upon the three great achievements of that Church for English liberty, — the Reformation, the Restoration of the Constitution and Monarchy, and the repudiation of the Popish Stuarts, we may well afford to laugh at such sneers as a Macaulay endeavors to raise against her, on the ground of blemishes with which his own reckless and treacherous political allies have deformed and afflicted her. And when we attempt to estimate the blessings she has diffused through the whole Anglo-Saxon people, and by them through the world, who can refrain from blessing the dear Church which has placed the English Bible in every cottage, and which, for three centuries, has read the *Ten Commandments*, every Lord’s day, in the ears of millions of the people ? It is only when we think of what that Church has done, in spite of the golden chains which fetter her, and in spite of the political miscreants who have always hung like hounds upon her heels and hands, that we

can rightly estimate her strong vitality, and her vast beneficence." — pp. 316, 317.

Mr. Coxe wields a graceful and graphic pen. His sense of the beautiful and the grand is prompt and true. Eloquent descriptions of natural scenery, of architecture, life, and manners, are interspersed with the personal narrative in almost every chapter. A delicate reserve draws the line between what may rightfully be given to the public and what belongs to the confidence of friendship and the sacredness of domestic retirement. There is nothing in his book which the most fastidious of his English hosts could be unwilling to see in print. At the same time, he has not carried his reserve to that extreme of prudery which would make his story jejune and almost impersonal. The work does equal credit to his taste and discretion, his head and heart; and though, as we have intimated, it deals principally with ecclesiastical topics, it is incidentally instructive on a large range of subjects, and on all betrays keen powers of observation, and a uniform candor of judgment and kindness of feeling, that win our entire respect and sympathy.

We have space but for a single additional extract, and it shall be the description of his visit to Keble, who is known no less by the apostolic piety and benevolence with which he irradiates his comparatively obscure home-sphere, than by those sweet strains of evangelic verse which inspire and feed devotion wherever his native tongue is read.

"From Winchester I went by post, in the twilight, over downs, and through dingles and dales, to Hursley, where I entered the Church, and found Mr. Keble and his curate celebrating Evening Prayers. I had brought with me, from Hampton Court, a feeling of overpowering depression, and having seen the admired poet in circumstances so fitting to his character as a Christian priest, I was about to turn away, and drive back to Winchester, when another impulse suddenly prevailed, and I ventured to present myself. I had a preconception of his piety and unworldliness, that affected me with awe, and embarrassed me, in approaching him; nor did anything in his cordiality divest him of something that restrained me in his presence. Nothing could be more simple and unaffected than his manner; and yet, in a word, it was as if George Herbert had risen from his grave, and were talking with me,

in a familiar way. He would not hear of my departure, but instantly made me his guest ; and thenceforth I was in a dream, from the time that I first saw him till I bade him farewell. Nothing could be more kind than his hospitality ; nothing more delightful than the vision on which I opened my eyes, in the morning, and looked out on his Church, and the little hamlet contiguous. Hursley is a true poet's home. It is as secluded as can well be imagined. England might ring with alarms, and Hursley would not hear it : and it seems all the more lonely, when one learns that Richard Cromwell retired hither, from a throne, and, after waxing old in a quiet contentment, died here in peace, and now sleeps beneath the tower of the Church, just under the vicar's windows, with all the cousinry of the Cromwells around him. A wise fool was Richard ! But to think of a Cromwell lying still, in such a Church as Mr. Keble has made this of Hursley ! It has been lately rebuilt, from the foundation, all but the tower, and its symbolism and decoration are very rich, though far from being overdone. The taste that has enshrined itself in 'The Christian Year,' has here taken shape in stones. One of the windows, the gift of friends, is an epitome of that delightful work, and displays the chief festivals, beginning with the Circumcision. In the minute adornment of the corbels, my attention was called to a beautiful idea, which runs through the whole series, and which is said to furnish the hint for interpreting the ornaments of older churches. Entering the south porch, you observe the sculptured heads of the reigning sovereign and the present bishop of the See ; and then, at the door, those of St. Helena, and St. Augustine of Canterbury. At the chancel arch are St. Peter and St. Paul ; and over the altar, beneath the arch of the east window, are the figures of our Lord, and of His Virgin Mother. Thus, from the present, the mind is carried on to the past ; and from pastors and rulers, through doctors and apostles, up to Christ. The north porch exhibits the heads of Ken and Andrewes, of Wykeham and Fox ; while the corbels of the exterior arch of the east window bear those of Ambrose and Athanasius. The tower of the Church is finished by a graceful spire, and the gilded cock surmounts the pile, —

‘ to tell
How, when Apostles ceased to pray, they fell.’

“ A grateful feeling comes over me at every remembrance of my visit to Hursley, for I felt all the time like an intruder, receiving privileges beyond my power to repay, while my kind entertainer seemed as one who desires no such tribute to his genius as mere tourists are wont to afford. An inferior character might be flattered to find himself sought out, of every traveller ; but all the heartfelt kindness of the vicar of

Hursley was no disguise, to me, of a spirit that loves the Paradise of a blessed seclusion from the world, and which nothing but benevolence can prompt to welcome the stranger, that desires to see him face to face, and to thank him for the soothing influences and inspiring harmonies of his perennial songs." — pp. 247, 248.

Mr. Tuckerman's "Month in England" is not a new book; but it is one that should not be suffered to grow old. On its first appearance, in 1853, we expressed in a single paragraph our high appreciation of it, and we gladly avail ourselves of the new edition to recall attention to it. Here too "the ruling passion" gives character and tone to the entire narrative. The author's pervading aim seems to have been to verify on their own soil the local associations connected with the great names of English literature. There are indeed vivid portraiture of external nature, of the memorials of antiquity and the monuments of art. There are finely drawn sketches of life and manners, perhaps too much in outline, and too seldom enlivened by conversation or adventure. But wherever Mr. Tuckerman goes, if he records no living presence, the dead are with him; a retrospective fancy dresses up the scene as it was when they gave it life, and, where illustrious men were wont to resort, they come back in throngs in the very forms they bore, and surrounded by the very reminiscences which most clearly mark the place of each in the muster-roll of genius and fame. Few descriptions are so rich and suggestive as this of a visit to Christ's Hospital.

"Unmindful of the vapory pall that hung ominous and thick over the reeking streets, ever and anon condensing into showers, I left my cabman to his India-rubber envelope, and his horse to the bag of corn tied over his proboscis, and hurried through the archway into the vast quadrangle and dusky corridors of Christ's Hospital. On that winter day they wore a sombre look; the rain dripped from every cornice; little pools gleamed darkly in the hollows of the broad paved area; and I felt as once, during a storm, in Pisa, when I took shelter under the arcades of the Campo Santo; only here the architecture was of a heavier cast, and there were no pale frescos to enliven the time-worn vaults, nor even a spire of herbage, or timid wall-flower, to whisper of the leafy web that, in softer latitudes, hides the ravages of time. In one of the school-rooms, on the ground floor, the light of a coal-fire in the huge

chimney fell on the wan countenance of a solitary boy, who, in the midst of hacked forms, blackboards, and scattered benches, was stooping dejectedly over his book. I glanced through the window, as I passed, at the 'kept' urchin, and thought of the 'objectless holidays' of the orphans described by Elia; but the reverse of the picture was visible a moment after, when a dozen little fellows ran across the vast court, their laughter waking strange echoes through the gloomy pile. Their costume was a long coat of blue cloth secured by a leather belt, and surmounted by a white collar folded neatly over the neck; this attire gave them so much the look of a juvenile priesthood, and so elongated and solemnized their slender figures, that their childish gayety seemed curiously inappropriate. As I walked beneath the pillared archway, I read the tablets inscribed at intervals along the walls; one announced that no boy could see his friends during school-hours; one designated the wards of the nurses; and another proclaimed the benefactions of friends, or the merits of stewards. But that which caused me to linger and muse was dedicated to the memory of Master Boyer, whose character has been so vividly yet inconsistently described by three of his illustrious pupils. I recalled his 'passionate wig,' his 'storms that came near, but never touched,' recorded by Lamb; and Coleridge's testimony to the 'inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though, at the same time, very severe master.' I seemed to hear his scornful voice criticising a theme: 'Harp? lyre? — pen and ink, boy, you mean; Pierian spring? oh, ay, — the cloister pump, I suppose.' De Quincey calls him the greatest villain of the nineteenth century, declares flogging was his life, and that Coleridge's admiration of him was a monomania. The truth doubtless lies between these extremes of judgment; and their contradiction may be accounted for by the intensity, both of gratitude and indignation, with which we revert to those toward whom the sense of intellectual obligation is balanced by rankling wounds inflicted on our self-love. The name of the old master was a spell, however, that revived the images of those who profited by his classic discipline, for, with all his eccentric despotism, according to Lamb, he 'made scholars.' His name is at least associated with the freshest reminiscences of genius. Here, I thought, as I looked round upon the old quadrangle and massive corridors, knots of childish admirers would gather about the 'inspired charity-boy,' and listen reverently to the musical voice destined, in after years, to chant immortal Genevieve, and reason eloquently of 'foreknowledge, will, and fate'; in yonder angle, perhaps, sat the kind soul, Lamb's old relative, to bestow on her darling 'the extraordinary slice of bread and butter from the hot loaf of the Temple'; and by her side stood the grateful boy,

inwardly struggling between hunger and generosity, his pale features lit up with expectancy, and 'contending passions at the unfolding.'

"In that chamber, perchance, whose ancient window overlooks this broad arena, the devout Baxter expired ; over these wet stones the youthful Addison sped to his recitation, meditating, as he walked, a Latin epigram ; lighting with his smile the gloomy shadow of this vestibule, jovial Steele threw his arm caressingly over the shoulders of his comrade ; and, in the twilight nook of the opposite porch, Leigh Hunt dreamed many an Arabian tale. Stillingfleet practised his first rhetoric, Blackstone felt, on his palm, the majesty of offended law, and Richardson caught his earliest dramatic glimpses of life touched by the mellow hue of sentiment — afterward to expand in '*Clarissa Harlowe*' — here, amid the sports, lessons, and monastic seclusion of Christ's Hospital. In historical, not less than personal association, is the edifice rich and impressive : the greater part of the victims of the plague were buried there, in the reign of the third Edward. Kings, nobles, friars, pensioners, and charity boys, have had their dwelling-place here in succession ; every variety of human character, from Wesley to Tooke, and from Barrow to Camden, have here imbibed the milk of knowledge ; and, as I invoked the forms of the departed, a throng consecrated by genius, piety, or adventure gathered to my mind's eye, in every gallery and over the hollow square, until a vision as glorious as ever filled the brain of the opium-eater, of whose school-days also this was the scene, irradiated the venerable and lonely cloisters. Gazing up at the enormous roof, I thought of the donkey secretly tethered there, for whom the schoolboy-tyrant (made eternally infamous by '*Elia's*' record) kept bread from his younger companions ; and, in their lofty dining-hall, 'hung round with pictures by Verrio, Lely, and others,' I wondered if blue and tasteless milk-porridge was still the order of the day for Monday, and mutton-scraggs on Friday ; I could almost taste the smack of ginger and cinnamon which there endeared millet to the then unsophisticated palate of the child, who was indeed 'father of the man,' and reverted to his boyhood with a moral zest indicative of its perennial quality. I looked into the faces of the crowd of blue-coated urchins, then listening to 'grace after meat,' and would fain have asked if there were yet among them a young stork like him immortalized in the '*Recollections*,' as a martyr to the imputation of meanness, while starving himself to feed his parents. I longed too to recognize Master Matthew Field, that rare combination of 'gentleman, scholar, and Christian,' whom his quaint pupil so loved to honor ; and above all, by slow degrees, yet with a clear and palpable impression, there stole upon me, as it were, the very atmosphere wherein was lapped the boyhood of

Charles Lamb. As I felt in the Temple his infant environment, here came home to me the spirit of his school experience. I realized how the traditional mysteries of these old cloisters aided his dawning imagination; how he felt a peculiar dignity from the 'magnitude of the body' to which, at so tender an age, he was bound; and how the sentiment of the past was breathed into his soul from being thus allied to one of its monuments. It seemed to me, then, quite natural, that, from such a school, boys should go in search of Quarl's island. I felt no surprise that a noble sense of relation to the great world should grow up among children already predestined to the navy and the church, nor that the Grecians and the sea-boys were arrayed to the eyes of their gentle brother, the poor annuitant to be, with prophetic interest. I watched the 'young monks' through the lens of Lamb's sympathy, and all the effect of 'substituted paternity,' of 'no bills,' of 'the civic pleasantries of the dispensing aldermen,' and 'the prescriptive title of admission to the lions of the Tower,' in lending a sacred importance to the blue-coat boy of Christ's, was thus fully realized. I thought, too, of the boy Elia lying awake in some part of this vast building, listening to the Christmas carol, — 'transported in fancy to the fields of Bethlehem'; and of his reverent love for 'that godly and royal child, Edward VI., flower of the Tudor name,— the serious and holy child who walked with Cranmer and Ridley,— the young flower untimely cropped,' and whose effigy he wrote on his garments."

Here it could hardly be that, with Lamb so fresh in the memory,— the last rites of literary friendship just performed for him by Talfourd and De Quincey,— the figure of the gentle, bashful boy should not at every turn have come between Mr. Tuckerman and the other forms evoked from the more remote past. But in the busy thoroughfare, with the shifting crowds, thought moves quicker, and returns not upon itself so readily; the shadowy forms chase one another across the scene in a procession that never rests, and, it might seem, could never end. What scores of characteristic traits and anecdotes, what volumes of our early reading when "the dead alone were great," are brought to mind by this paragraph about the London streets!

"In the crowded Strand, how pleasant to remember the boy Coleridge thrusting his hand against a gentleman's pocket while in the fanciful act of swimming the Hellespont,— an instance of classical delusion that so won the wrathful man, that he subscribed to a circulating

library, in the urchin's name, for a twelvemonth ! How charming to think that inductive Bacon and heroic Harry Vane were born there, and that against yonder pillar of Temple Bar Dr. Johnson leaned one night, going home with Boswell, and indulged in such an unprecedented fit of laughter as to frighten his puritan satellite ! Walking, after nightfall, by the cheerful shops of Oxford Street, how vividly De Quincey's pallid and lofty brow rises before us ; here he first bought opium, and met poor Ann, a hungry wanderer ; and subsequently apostrophized that busy thoroughfare as a ' stony-hearted step-mother that listens to the sighs of orphans and drinks the tears of children ' ! At the Tower, who, with a heart in his bosom, does not turn from armor and regalia to the inscriptions on Sir Walter Raleigh's cell, and to the thought of Otway dying at a neighboring tavern, choked by the bread that came too late ? In front of Apsley House, who, with a ray of imagination, does not glance at Beckford's old residence adjacent ? Is not Cornhill glorified by the memory of Gray who was born there, at number forty-one ? Shall we cross Westminster Bridge, and not think of poor Crabbe pacing to and fro, with his verses in his pocket, the night before his fortunate application to Burke ? or enter Bloomsbury Square, nor try to identify Steele's fine house upon which Addison vainly levied an attachment, to bring his improvident friend to his senses ? or pass through Smithfield, unmindful of Bunyan and Wesley ? or Green Arbor Court, and not bless the author of ' The Vicar of Wakefield ' and ' The Deserted Village,' who there taught poor children to dance ? Is it quite grateful to ascend the old stairs at Somerset House, on our way to the Royal Society, and imagine Cromwell, grim and stalwart, lying in state, and not elegant Sir Joshua Reynolds lecturing on art ? Let us ever behold, in fancy, when in Duke Street, our own Franklin a journeyman-printer ; in Brooke Street, be haunted by Chatterton's suicide ; in the Poultry, imagine Hood, an infant ; in Great Russell, near Bow Street, do homage to Dryden in his oracular seat at Will's ; and opposite, to the author of ' Cato,' escaped from domestic annoyance, at Button's ; let us not return from a party, beneath the stars, through St. James Street, without a pitiful recollection of Savage wandering there, at the same hour, for want of shelter ; and fail not, by way of contrast, in Pall-Mall, to moralize on the prosperity of Sir William Temple, near the site of his noble mansion. Let the ' Elegy,' and the law of gravitation, recur to us in Jermyn Street, where Gray and Sir Isaac Newton lived. Let us not despise Hartshorn Lane, for Ben Jonson was born there ; nor forget to smile once more at Isaac Bickerstaff's wit, in Salisbury Street, where Partridge the almanac-maker dwelt. It is worth while to say to one's

self, in passing Old Bond Street, that Sterne died there, and in Berkeley Square, Horace Walpole ; and among the ‘bachelors of the Albany,’ as we enter that shrine of celibate luxury, to recall Byron, Canning, and Monk Lewis. Thus, at every step, rise up familiar beings, to solemnize or cheer, and people the memorable sites of London. The variety of character is as great as that of gifts ; and the mind is bewildered by the number and contrast of these intellectual almoners, whose bounty is thus recalled where the place that once knew them knows them no more.”

It is only as the land of literary pilgrimage that England presents to the American traveller attractions which must needs outrival those of all the Old World besides. The artist may well prefer the favored seats of spontaneous genius and unforced achievement in art. The student of human nature finds it far more freely open to his scrutiny, and with wider diversities of type, in Paris than in London. The lover of society can with less of ceremony, and with easier admittance, frequent a Continental court than an English drawing-room. To those whose quest is magnificent scenery, Great Britain exhibits but in miniature the mountains, lakes, rivers, and waterfalls of Central Europe or of North America. But nowhere else has literature so multiplied its shrines, and lavished its oil of consecration, and become so truly the *genius loci* of almost every rood of soil, as in England. Some of the reasons for this are obvious. Strong and enduring associations between persons and places can spring up only where domestic life is stable and cherished. A home-loving people of necessity attaches interest and curiosity to the homes and haunts of its great men. Then, too, in such a people every man has a home. Even poverty, instead of making a poet or an artist a life-long wanderer from city to city, as it might and has in Italy, only contracts and attenuates his dwelling, and thus transmits a garret instead of a library, or a cottage instead of a villa, as the shrine to be held sacred to his memory. It might further be alleged, that the personality of a man of distinguished literary powers has for several centuries been greater and more honored in England than anywhere else upon earth. On the Continent, with rare exceptions and those comparatively recent, a work of plebeian genius does

little towards elevating the social position or enlarging the social sphere of its author; while in England the essential nobleness of genius has been recognized for many generations; and, though pecuniary rewards have often been slow and meagre, seldom has one, whom posterity has delighted to honor, failed to be an object of interest and distinguished regard while living. Thus literary localities have so fixed themselves in the grateful memory of the nation, that there is hardly a name eminent in letters that is not identified with the habitation or the wonted resorts of its possessor. Add to these considerations the fact that literature (considered apart from erudition and science) has undoubtedly been the profession or constituted the fame of hundreds in Great Britain for scores in any other country.

For these reasons, there is peculiar pertinency in such a narrative of travel as Mr. Tuckerman has given us. He went from home well furnished for his work, thoroughly read in the choicest English literature, with profound yet discriminating reverence for its luminaries, and with that intimate conversance with their biography which taught him what to seek and where. His book, modest and devoid of egotism, is virtually the record of his own liberal culture. We close our notice of it by his closing paragraphs, which happily describe the grounds of peculiar interest that England offers to an American traveller.

“With a foreigner for his companion, when travelling in England, an American soon becomes aware of the greater intimacy of relation which he enjoys with the past and present of the country. No infantile reminiscence, musical with nursery-rhymes, startles the Frenchman beside you, when the guard bawls at the car-window, ‘Banbury Cross’; the German friend, on whose arm you lean, walking through Holborn, does not pause instinctively, as if his boot-nails were glued to the pavement by a magnet, at the sight of Day & Martin’s sign; and the Italian, full of patriotic memories of Canova, wonders at you in St. Paul’s for standing so long before Abercrombie’s monument, ignorant, as he is, that the position of the dying general taught Kean how to fall naturally in his tragic death-scenes. An hour by ‘Shrewsbury clock’ is no more significant to a Continental than that noted by any other dial; he will scarcely think at Bath of Frances Burney, Jane Austen, or Smollett; or of Coleridge, Southey, and

Wordsworth, at Bristol. The cliff at Dover to his eyes is only an abrupt elevation of jagged chalk ; no blind Gloster stands on the ledge, nor samphire-gleaner, midway down, follows his ‘dreadful trade.’

“ It is from our sympathy with the mind of the country that her landscape often wears an occult charm. We have an *à priori* attachment to London because the soul of Shakespeare encamped so long in its midst. To us, England is the land where Wordsworth, with heroic love and patience, waited at the pure altar he had built to Nature and the Muses ; where Carlyle, with his logical hammer, knocked away the flimsy incrustations with which hypocrisy and conventionalism shroud reality, and vindicated the essential and true in life and man ; where Mrs. Hemans sung of home ; Miss Edgeworth applied the test of sense and prudence to social life ; Shelley kindled into aerial fantasy the dreams of classicism and reform ; Bentham benignly advocated the greatest good of the greatest number ; Macaulay made brilliant rhetorical digests ; and Hood sent forth lyrics and puns alike provocative to tears of mirth and pity. When vexed by her arrogance, therefore, or restless under the vast shadow of her civic power, we find, in the thought of intellectual obligation and kindred, a constant antidote for the bane.

“ The national characteristics of the English prove, upon personal experience, to be derived from extremes ; and hence the apparent inconsistency of prejudice and praise bestowed on them by foreign writers. Hospitality, for instance, is a proverbial trait ; but he who imagines that this virtue springs from a rare facility of intercourse, and a voluntary extension of kindness, will be greatly disappointed. The French and Italians far excel their insular neighbors in outward and ready courtesy. It is the quality, and not the universality, of this noble trait, that has given England her fame as its legitimate exponent. The access to her domestic sanctuaries is jealously guarded ; but once opened, the confidence, freedom, and heartiness are entire. Nowhere do the arrangements of private life so aptly fit the needs of the stranger ; in no dwellings is he sooner made unconscious of that name ; and the consequence is, that two quite distinct impressions are borne away from the country ; one critical, and relating to England as a whole, to the idea of the nation in the abstract ; and the other a sentiment of grateful attachment and of high respect toward individuals, families, and friends ; than which no reminiscence of travel can be more permanent and earnest.”